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PRICE 15 CENTS

Vol. 76, No. 1975 September 9, 1920 Copyright 1920, Life Publishing Company



"DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES"

THE DANCE OF DEATH

A Merry Ghost Story

"Zig-et-zig-et-zig, la Mort en cadence, Frappant un tombe avec son talon; La Mort, a Minuit, joue un air de danse,

Zig-et-zig-et-zig, sur son violon."

T IS MIDNIGHT. Twelve solemn strokes from the old bell tower that keeps watch over the churchyard at its feet proclaim this fact and give signal for a strange scene. Death with his violin tucked snugly beneath his bony chin, beats time with his heel on a mossy tombstone, "zig-a-zig-a-zig", and plays a merry dance tune. One by one the skeletons rise from their resting places and join the dance. Woven in the mazes of the waltz one hears the melancholy sighing of the night wind, the branches of the lindens rubbing against one another, and the rattle and scuffle of bony feet over the lichened stones. Suddenly the cock crows and sends the jocular, gruesome crew fiddling, vanishes over the nearest hill.

the Estey Organ the weird suggestion of this symphonic poem is given a power and interest that make it an unusual evening's entertainment for a group of friends sitting late around the big fire, telling ghost stories.

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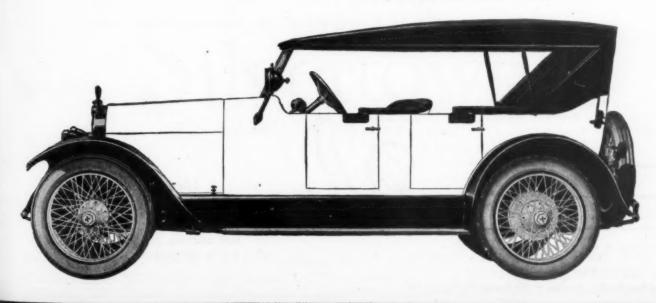
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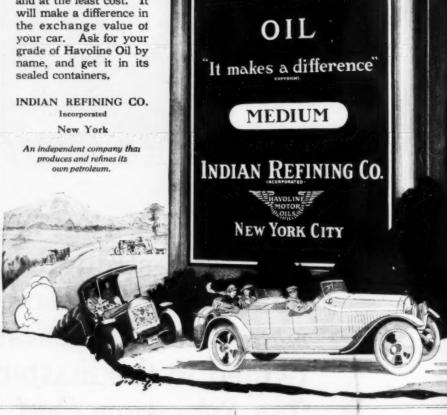


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THESE gay snuffboxes will be whispering still

Of fragrant satin pockets that are dust, Of iron wrists beneath a lacy frill,

Or candles long burnt out, or swords that rust;

Here is dim gossip told in merry gems,

A dallying glance, a hand too hotly kissed.

And here are crests for pride, and dia-

Deep-set in sapphire or pale amethyst.

Trinkets-perhaps? Or dainty souls that

Enamelled too in colors frail and rare, So idly living and so lightly spent,

They make a music still upon the air, A tinkling tune for bow and stately tread, That will play on, though all who danced are dead.

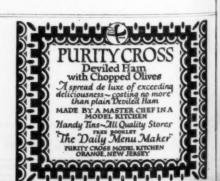
Hortense Flexner.

Next

NEW JERSEY clergyman has started a movement for a Twentieth Amendment, in order to make divorce impossible. But has he gone far enough? Why not start a movement to make human nature impossible?

AN you come and help me clean house, Mandy?"

"No'm; can't come. I'se jined de 'Sociation ob de Folded Hands."



Theory

OR two hours the psycho-analyst had heen working with his subject. "I think we have everything adjusted;

ha't you?" he chattily concluded.

"I believe so," responded his encourgel patient. "I feel much better." He ose to go. The scientist began some farewell advice.

You see now how comparatively simte it all is. All you need do is destroy at corrosive suede-glove complex. For at least two months have nothing whater to do with anyone wearing suede doves. In fact, I should advise you to nto the tropics for such a period, if you de possibly manage it.

"Watch out for that cocoanut-pie in-Milion, too. Eat cocoanut pie whenever mible. Forget all about the spasm you had while watching the movie comedy the ther night. If you eat so much that you come ill, so much the better. The realization of a physical distaste for anut pie, born of eating too much, Il lessen the purely subconscious aver-

"Just one more point. There are two sys of removing that tea-table depres-, which we now know was due to the et that your aunt threw a teapot at r uncle when you were a baby. Either ectice at pitching quoits for a while, as you yourself suggested, try living art from your wife for the time being. Now that we've penetrated to the cause, the remedy is automatic. Just give your new vision a chance to adjust itself, and

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std. And women
longer hesitate.
simply by combthis clear, pure,
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ry gray hair is

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Send in the coupon. Mark on it the exact the of your hair. It will bring you a free rail bottle of this remarkable hair color reterer and our special comb.

Try it on a lock of your hair. Note the wall. And how it differs from old-fashioned year. Send in the coupon now.

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jet black..... dark brown brown..... light brown....



... and at Delmonico's

A fact:

New York

At Delmonico's on Fifth Avenuetoday, as for two generations past, the most famous and one of the most fashionable of New York restaurants -the sales of Fatima exceed those of any other cigarette.

Liggettorlyers Tobacco C.

FATIMA

A Sensible Cigarette

"Just enough Turkish"

Such facts as this show plainly that as against the too much Turkish" of straight Turkish cigarettes, and the "too little" of in-ferior blends, discriminating smokers certainly prefer, for its good taste and smoothness, the exclusive "just enough Turkish" blend of Fatima.

everything will be all right. Remember, all one needs ever do is get down to the rock bottom of understanding. Connes toi. Drop me a line in a month or so. Good afternoon."

The patient went his way rejoicing. The scientist went home, and in the course of dinner shot his grandmother.

How many words can be made from the letters which spell "World's Fair"? Such is the game played by writers of crude and hopelessly ordinary detective stories.

-New York Evening Post.

Questions for Lawyers

AN damage be recovered from chewing-gum makers for injury done to carpets, rugs and feelings from gum brought into the house on soles or heels of shoes? Would insurance companies issue policies?

Would smelt of gum, disclosing flavor, be accepted as identifying maker?

Echo Does Not Answer

Makes Piano Lessons Easy .- Headline. On whom?-Kansas City Times.



Dependable Protection for Pedestrians and Car Owners

Weed Tire Chains

It seems unfair that a few careless owners and drivers who do not use Weed Tire Chains should imperil pedestrians and others who use this reasonable precaution to prevent skidding accidents.

When an automobile skids on a crowded thoroughfare it is more of a danger to other vehicles and persons than to itself and its occupants.

There is nothing so maddening or so nerve racking as to have another motorist skid into you imperiling the lives of your passengers and smashing your car, especially when you know it could have been prevented by the use of Weed Tire Chains.

Some of the larger cities are greatly agitated over the skidding menace and committees have been formed to draft stringent ordinances for the protection of pedestrians and road users.

It is high time that careful, sane motorists adopt some means to protect themselves and pedestrians and prevent the awful loss of life and property caused by skidding.

The courts should not regard skidding as an unavoidable accident when Weed Tire Chains, the proven device for preventing it, are so easily available and at so reasonable a price.

See that you do not lay yourself open to severe criticism. Always put on your Weed Tire Chains when the roads are slippery and uncertain.



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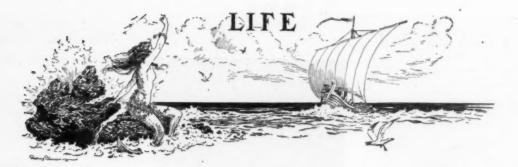
Philadelphia

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San Francisco





Query

LONGED to stay; she bade me go, Although her lips were smiling sweetly. I pleaded, but she nodded "No," And hence I disappeared completely.

Beloved one, I love her so;

Her ways so gracious and so sweet are.

What would she say could she but know

My heart's more stubborn than my feet
are?

Clinton Scollard.

Brown Study in Autumn

A FIELD with the seedy grass
And slow-wing butterfly,
When suddenly some soft, strange thing
Claims and fixes my eye.

I know not what it is I see, Sunbeam or butterfly; But I know that I'm touched by wings Of souls other than I.

Eron O. Rowland.

The Strange Forest

YOU woke so many things in me
I thought were sleeping sound:
You made fantastic bright plants grow
On barren ground.
My heart is like a forest grim
Of strange and wild
Great vines; and in its spaces dim
I walk, a child
Lost, wondering at the mysteries
Of golden birds in tropic trees.

Mary Carolyn Davies.



"HE TALKS ABOUT HIMSELF ALL THE TIME. HE WON'T LISTEN TO A WORD YOU SAY."

"HE'LL LISTEN IF YOU TALK ABOUT HIM."

LIFE'S Fresh Air Fund

Inclusive of 1919, Lipe's Fresh Air Fund has been in operation thirty-three years. In that time it has expended \$183,025.49 and has given a fortnight in the country to 40,802 poor city children. The Fund is supported entirely by bequests and voluntary contributions, which are acknowledged in this column. Checks should be made payable to Lipe's Fresh Air Fund, and addressed to Lipe, 17 West 31st Street, New York.

Balance\$	12,500.84
M. L. P	2.00
Mrs. S. S. Porter	25.00
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James R. Thompson	5.00
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the hove at Comp Wyanoke Luly	
4th to August 1st inclusive	124.11
Mrs. C. W. Mengel	10.00
"In memory of our angel baby-	
Mrs. Richard S. Emmett. M. L. P. Mrs. S. S. Porter. J. Sidney Stone Junior Lewis James R. Thompson. Miss H. B. Shattuck. Mrs. Oswald Brown. July collections at Camp Winnepesaukee "D. M. T" Mrs. C. W. Brady. "A. H. M" Marion L. Simmons Eva Merlin and Olga Beyerle. Evening Service collection at Camp Wildmere "In memory of Bob, August 13, 1916" "A Belgian Friend" Mrs. Edwin B. Holden. Florence M. Rapp. Kathleen R. Stratley. Margaret Edna Rock. Marie Carstens J. H. Foster "Another Friend" Marjorie D. Parcells. "In memory of Brownie" Miss A. M. Roby. Mrs. R. A Parker. Mrs. L. L. Berry. Amelia Bowers Proceeds of fair conducted by Charles Palmer at New London, Conn. "Tain't much" "In memory of my mother" Joseph R. Dilworth Henry H. Adams, Jr. "Jack Mullin, eight years of age. Union City, Pa." A. W. D. "Jack and Catherine" Stanley B. Rice, Mabel H. Stant Gilberta D. Goodwin Philip P. Page The first five Sunday collections from the boys at Camp Wyanoke, July 4th to August 1st, inclusive. Mrs. C. W. Mengel "In memory of our angel baby— Katherine" F. J. Cobbs "Pennsylvania" William Alban Ulman, Jr. Guy R. McLane Dr. B. E. Lawton. J. P. Hail "In memory of Nathalie Burt Childs " Mrs. H. Conn. Mrs. H. W. Tinsman. "In memory w. H. W., Buffalo". R. B. G.	2.00
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All	5.00

(This statement includes all contributions received before August 11, 1920.)

ACKNOWLEDGED WITH THANKS

Stockings, socks, neckties, suit, toys and candy from Jack Mullin, eight years old, of Union City, Pa.

Belt, pair of socks, four tennis balls, hat, underdrawers, two shirts, undervests and tie from an unknown donor.

One splendid suit of clothes with extra pair of pants from J. Minot, "Cedarcove," Red Bank, N. J.



The Dog Star

Who Wrote Shakespeare?

M'SIEUR LEFRANC, who hails from Paris,

Following a Mr. Harris More or less,

Believes that Shakespeare's dramas are by William Stanley, Earl of Darby: That's his guess.

M'sieur Demblon, who likewise French is, Holds, of dates and facts, such wrenches Under ban;

Sure as Elsinore's not Jutland, Roger Manners, Earl of Rutland, Is the man.

These are foreign theories, Gaully;
A New Yorker thought that Raleigh
Filled the myth;
Colonel Watterson says "Marlowe,"
And a certain Mr. Barlow
Thinks 'twas Smith.

Was it Wilson, Harding, Cox, Ford?
Mr. Looney swears Lord Oxford
Slung the ink.

"J. T. Looney," though illumey,
Sounds a wee bit nom de plumey,
Don't you think?

You may believe it Oxford, Lyly, Rutland—that some other Willy Writ these plays; But you mustn't think that Bacon Was a poet or could take on Such bad ways.

Francis really had no eye for
Drama; what he loved was cipher,
Law—and pelf.
Yet these plays got written. Come now!
Could it be Will cribbed them, somehow,
From himself?

F. E. Schelling.

The New Empire City

CHICAGO recently established a new, crime record for the United States by staging no less than twenty-five hold-ups within the city limits in one day.

It is as Bishop Berkeley (or was it Horace Greeley?) so well said, "Westward the course of empire takes its way."

The Illinois metropolis has long been threatening to become the greatest city in the country. Its citizens have frequently boasted of its supremacy in all fields of achievement, and now they are backing up these far from idle boasts with the cold facts.

Wake up, New York!



THE LAND OF EQUAL OPPORTUNITIES

"Gee! If I'd only been born a few feet this way, I mighta had a chance for t' be President!"

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of

old

Why Wugglums and I Are Bachelors

HERE is one thing I do not want to be in my next incarnation. I do not want to be Mrs. Josephs' husband.

Wugglums and I live in a flat. I am cook, and Wugglums is the professional entertainment. And we have a sort of over-the-transom acquaintance with the Josephs'.

Do you know the kind of woman who only occupies a few cubic inches of actual space, but who seems to take up eighty-

five per cent. of all the elbow-room in the world, and sort of spoil the rest of it for other folks? Well, then you know the type. But you don't know Mrs. Josephs. Why, that woman is a slave. Her husband is a slave. Her sister is a slave.

Her husband is a slave of the things Mrs. Josephs has acquired but hasn't yet paid for. Her sister is a slave of the things Mrs. Josephs has acquired and can't get rid of. And Mrs. Josephs herself is the slave—mind, soul and body—of the things Mrs. Josephs hasn't got yet.

These flats are one of the things that Mrs. Josephs has acquired and hasn't yet paid for. Wug-rlums and I don't live here because we want to. We came to this city during the war, and it has impolitely refused to give up, as yet, its uncomfortably war-bloated population. So the alternative of living over-the-transom

from the Josephs is living in a bathroom, with boards laid over the tub as a foundation for a bed. We are considering the bathroom. Wugglums, who sleeps on the floor anyway, thinks it advisable.

One of the things Mrs. Josephs has acquired and can't get rid of is a habit of protesting but invariable obedience on the part of Mr. Josephs. That's the reason he has been mixed up in a dozen straggling little vocations and businesses. Why, that woman is one of the worst polygamists I ever heard of. She seems to fancy having a real-estate dealer and a doctor and a rich mining man and a stock speculator and a house builder and a movie-show proprietor all for a husband

at the same time. At least, she has mixed him up in all those lines of activity and half a dozen more. About once a week she comes home all shining with a new idea. Somebody is making all kinds of money running two motor buses to a new suburb; somebody has a house for sale that's a. snap; there's a new company being formed to manufacture somebody's invention that will just comb the money off the bushes; or some publishing com-

"YES, I NEED AN OFFICE BOY. IS YOUR SON TRUTHFUL?"

"OH, YES, SIR! BUT O' COURSE HE UN'ERSTANDS BIZNESS IS
BIZNESS."

pany advertises that it will publish a wonderful new song she has written and throw in the music for nothing—she need only pay down sixty dollars toward the merely preliminary expenses, and can then sell the published song for the large sum it will instantly command.

"Harold, dear, we must get in on that," is her habitual conclusion. "It's the chance we can't afford to lose." But Harold dear usually finds that they are out on that, and that it was an excellent chance to lose. Then he waxes eloquent, and she waxes retaliative, and when they get my little god Wugglums to blushing too much I get up and close the transom on my side of the hall.

It's the same way in the matter of household purchases. I think the stores and the salespeople carry goods that were invented especially to sell to Mrs. Josephs. I'm sure no one else in the world manages to get into the way of so many new devices to cut potatoes in improved ways and to shake soap in improved ways and to mix bread in improved ways. Mrs. Josephs doesn't make bread, but she's always intending to begin making theirs

when there's a newshaped pan on the market, or a new automatic mixer, or a new device to register the dough-rising. Some day the Josephs' will have to put the furnace in the back yard, because the basement is needed to store improved devices not in use.

Well, I had a girl in this town once. She lived 'way over on the West Side, and it was an awful jaunt to go to see her, but I used to like to take it. One day she said to me, "Have you heard about that new tire company that is putting up a factory on Wenning Flat? They say they are making the best tire put out, and they'll double the market value of their stock in no time. Buy, George. You ought to get in on that."

Well, I got up at once and closed the transom, being so used to doing it in my own flat when I heard something like that. And I don't know whether

she keeps her transom-open or shut now, but she can have it any way she wants it, for I'm not going back there.

Julia M. Martin.

Realistic

RESTAURANT OWNER: Here! What are you doing with that broken crockery?

DISHWASHER: Throwing it away, sir.
RESTAURANT OWNER: Nonsense! We can't afford to have such waste. Run it through the meat chopper, and we'll sprinkle it in the omelets. I want the patrons of this restaurant to think I'm using real eggs.



"SHE'S ONE OF THE NEWLY RICH, I TAKE IT."
"OH, NO! WHY, HER PEOPLE HAVE HAD THEIR MONEY SINCE 1917."

The New Olympic Games

Every Nation, Great or Small, Must Have Its Chance to Win

IT has been the custom in past Olympic games for the nation in charge of the program to insert a goodly number of local events with which none of the visiting teams would be familiar.

Thus, if Switzerland were planning the schedule of events, yodling would count 25 points, goat-milking 25 points, and first place in a race between local glaciers would register 100 tallies for the winner. In this way Switzerland might easily win the meet, although the other nations won the more generally practiced events, such as the dashes, hurdles or pole vault.

It seems only fair that this year at Antwerp each nation should be allowed to enter a team for some events in which it would be sure of winning first place. This would even things up, and when each nation had won its particular event, the games could proceed.

France, for instance, might enter a team of Paris taxical drivers in a juggernaut race. This would include a two-mile straightaway pedestrian hunt (turning eight successive corners on the right and left wheels alternately) with a score of ten pedestrians necessary to qualify, and the telegraph-pole-vault.

A team of American mail-truck drivers ought to give the boys from the Seine City a tough battle for stellar honors, but the truck drivers would be handicapped by having to use a lighter car than the ones they are accustomed to, and would find it more difficult to attain a convincing degree of momentum.

An aggregation of Greek bootblacks from the shadow of the Acropolis could give all other nations cards and spades, not to mention big and little casino, and win in a walk; and the

representatives of Hawaii could easily achieve the coveted blue ribbon in the running broad hula-hula.

Canada could be counted on to send a team of long-distance booze runners, for competition against teams of picked revenue officers from the United States or other countries. The race would be held from Antwerp to the stadium at Hoboken, and 10 points scored for every smuggled quart of whiskey, 9 points for rum, 8 points for cognac, 6 for gin, and 2.75 for beer.

A profiteering contest would give the Cuban athletes an opportunity to chalk up a few points for the Pearl of the Antilles, and all propaganda records would be shattered when the Irish team went into action. Italy could enter her poets against all comers in forty-five-round bouts to a decision, and the lads from sunny Spain would romp home in the onion, omelet and influenza events.

Africa would hold first place in the League of Nations in the manipulation of the speckled ivory cubes, and Norway would take nobody's dust when it came to sardine packing. Any group of athletes who could succeed in inserting more pins into one shirt than the record established by the Chinese team, would have a clear title to the laundry championship.

Perhaps it would be better not to have any Olympic games at all, but let the athletes of all nations stay home and fight it out among themselves.

A Lawn

WHAT is the patch of hard, bare ground? It is a lawn, What grows there? Anything but grass. Will not grass live there? No; but it will die there. Is there not any way to make a good lawn? Oh, yes. Plant a garden, and all the grass in the neighborhood will grow there.

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"IT'S LUCKY YOU GOT THOSE STAINS ON YOUR DRESS, MOTHER, OR I WOULDN'T 'A'
KNOWN THERE WAS STRAWBERRIES IN THIS FIELD"

The Ayes Have It

DURING the recess period several teachers became engaged in a heated argument over that old theme, "Man versus Woman."

"Well, anyway," concluded the dyspeptic male teacher of Latin, "women are more finicky than men."

"Recite an instance, please," put in the dainty little teacher of domestic science.

"If a woman loses a stitch, she'll unravel a ball of yarn trying to find it."

"That's nothing, compared with what a man will do," she came back quickly. "If a man loses a quarter in a card game, he'll spend ten dollars trying to win it back."

A CYNIC is unable to attract attention in any other way.

Emancipator

OH, the hours I have devoted to the books that I have bought!

Not because I wished to read them, but because I thought I ought;

And I waded through their chapters to the last and final page,

With a dogged perseverance, in a dumb and helpless rage.

Conscientiously I plodded, not a single word I skipped;

Though it gave me small enjoyment, seldom was my interest gripped;

Poky as a village sermon, dry as some old parchment deed—

Still, persistently I swallowed books I thought I ought to read.

Now, how changed the situation! All unchidden by myself,

I can gaze on unread volumes standing neatly on the shelf;

Though I have great tomes of wisdom, to peruse them there's no need;

Circumstances alter cases. Now, I do not have to read!

I can sit in lazy comfort, flipping uncut pages o'er,

While no guilty pangs of conscience bid me read the weary lore;

Gloating over rare old volumes and editions de luxe-

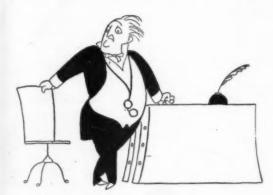
I've become a book collector—and we never read our books!

Carolyn Wells.



THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS

Senator Sounder Averts the Paper Shortage



The paper shortage that menaces the voters of this great and glorious republic needs prompt and vigorous action on my part.



I must send a report of the situation to my constituents—a report such as only a person in my position can give them.



A brief but voluminous review of the paper industry, with twenty-eight pages of statistics, will make the situation perfectly plain to them.



They must be made to understand the extent of the calamity that impends—that even the existence of the Congressional Record is threatened.



I must carefully explain that the way to save paper is to save it. That will help them to realize that they must not waste one single sheet of it.



Printed in a neat volume of 594 pages and distributed to 159,678 of my constituents, that little report will, I fancy, do its bit for the paper shortage.

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"MY DEAR, DID YOU NOTICE HOW MISS WISE WAS DRESSED?"

He: SHE HAD A HAT WITH ONE OF THESE WHAT-YE-CALL-ITS ON THE SIDE AND A THINGUMMY TRIMMED WITH YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN.

The Emancipation Proclamation

If It Had Been Written and Delivered from the Front Porch at Marion, Ohio

FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS: As I was driving along the road this morning, I could not help but liken some of the wonderful aspects of Nature to the great problems which beset us to-day.

For instance, I saw the great pine trees standing up so straight and true, reaching, so it seemed to me, into the very blue of the sky, and I could not help but feel that so we must live our national life, straight and true like the pine tree. I say this unhesitatingly, and without reservations; and I am prepared to stand or fall by the consequences of my statement.

And again, I saw the clouds, white and fleecy, drifting across the heavens, and I likened them to the course of the lives of each and every one of us through life. We cannot tell which way the wind may blow us; we cannot tell which way we may blow the wind; but underneath all there is the consciousness that we can't get out of the sky, no matter where we drift, and that so long as we are honest and true and just the very best clouds we know how to be, we shall win out in the end. And this applies to our national life as well. We, as a nation, must have no stain upon our honor. If this statement comes as a bombshell into the Democratic camp, I cannot help it. I must speak out my mind.

I have been asked where I stand on the question of freedom for the slaves. Oh, my neighbors, what a question it is! On the one hand we have the problem of a great race oppressed by slavery. On the other we have the sacred institution of private property, the institution on which



"NO, FELLERS; I GUESS I WON'T GO SWIMMIN'. MA'S WENT AND SPOILED IT ALL BY GIVIN' ME LEAVE TO GO"

this government of ours, which we love so well, is founded.

I need not express my desire for justice. You all know me well enough to know where I stand on that issue. On the other hand, I need not express my reverence for the Law and for its reverence for private property. Am I to grant freedom to a people long oppressed? If I do this thing, which is so very near to my heart, I must lay the knife to the

throat of that child of democracy, the sanctity of property, and confiscate from the slave-owners of the South certain goods for which they have paid good money, and you know as well as I do that good money is good money.

I am first of all, for justice to the negroes, and equally first of all, for justice to the slave-owners.

With this as a foundation, I can build my case.

In the first place, justice must be done. And in the second place, our national integrity must be preserved. And if these two hot shots are not enough, I will add that, on this question of slavery, I stand firm. The spirit of our forefathers which still stirs our national conscience, the spirit of those brave men who journeyed from England to the stormy shores of this country to found a nation which should, at a later day, stand supreme among all nations, the spirit of those brave soldiers who fought that this land might be free from England's yoke, and the spirit of the pioneers who endured hardships that its borders might be extended from sea to sea, this spirit must not, and so long as this front porch stands, shall not perish. Robert C. Benchley,



AS WE BUILD TO-DAY

The Owner: DASH IT ALL! WHAT DID YOU KNOCK ON THE DOOR FOR?



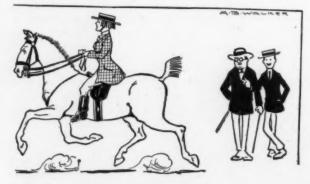
A BUSY SUMMER FOR THE LITTLE ONES
PREPARING THEIR BOOKS FOR THE AUTUMN PUBLISHING

What's in a Name?

"NO," said the agent to the owner. "That society I was speaking about decided not to hire that second-floor hall, after all, because the elevator doesn't run evenings."

"What society was it?"

"The Athletes' Mountain Climbing Association."



BOBBED

Smythe: WONDER IF THEY GO TO THE SAME BARBER?

Towards the End

THE approach of the millennium was characterized, not by any signs and wonders, but by the gradual betterment in the condition of the people. It was not, however, until the restriction and then the abolishment of those who read all the short stories and tell us what they think are the best ones, that a more marked degree of tranquillity was observed.

"Now that this has been so successfully accomplished," said one man joyfully, "let us get after all the others (either with or without correspondence schools), who are telling everybody how to write short stories."

At first this was deemed impossible, as it would throw such a large proportion of the population out of work; but the people were firm.

"After all these weary years of reading short stories, which we have come to apprehend even before they have been turned out, we are entitled to relief," said they, little appreciating that this would bring the millennium almost within a stone's throw.

FIRST COLLEGE FRESHMAN: What sort of a chap is Slithers?

SECOND COLLEGE FRESHMAN: Not much; not much. I believe he was graduated from some sort of a high school.



Feudalism: Bolshevism: I Will Set Her Free

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SEPTEMBER 9, 1920

GEORGE B. RICHARDSON, Vice-President LE ROY MILLER, Treasurer GEORGE D'UTASSY, Secretary

"While there is Life there's Hope"

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EDWARD S. MARTIN, Editor THOMAS L. MASSON, Managing Editor F. De Sales Casey, Art Editor



A GOOD rule for the candidates in this campaign would seem to be—Let the other side talk! When Mr. Harding put out

his speech of acceptance, betting was two or three to one on the Republican candidate. After his discourse had time to soak in and the froth on it had blown away, the odds began to sag, and have slowly declined ever since. That must be why Colonel George Harvey, the sometime Warwick of Franklin Square, is reported at this writing to be sitting in the back parlor at Marion, imparting suggestions to the candidate, and very reluctant to go away. Judge Hughes has been there also.

Mr. Harding is quoted as saying that there is nothing he likes so much as to bring together people who differ in opinions. He has done it, or it has been done for him, when he has been brought into simultaneous communion with Colonel Harvey and Judge Hughes. The trouble must be about the League. Presumably the Republican managers realize that the attitude Mr. Harding took on the League in his speech of acceptance is not popular throughout the country, so he is said to be on the eve of another declaration on the subject, with Colonel Harvey, anti-League, and Judge Hughes, pro-League, assisting him to a better position.

It is very funny. The year that Colonel Harvey had a successful presidential candidate, he did not have to tell him what to say. The year that Judge Hughes was an unsuccessful candidate, he dodged all the issues he could. Whether either of these gentlemen can really be helpful to Senator Harding seems very doubtful. If

a candidate has not got in him sentiments that must come out, it is hard to help him. He cannot be charged like a sodawater bottle with just the right line of bubbles. The bubbles must come out of his own internal fermentation.



OWEVER, neither Mr. Cox nor Mr. Roosevelt has helped his cause much by his latest words. Mr. Roosevelt was somewhat too brutally frank about the support that the United States would have in the assembly of the League from the other American Republics, and Mr. Cox's charges about the huge sums of money the Republicans were raising are not any good until they are proved. The Governor says he can prove them, and as we write he is on the eve of trying to do so, but proved or not, they are very distasteful charges. One would rather have the campaign turn on real political issues -issues of policy-than on charges of political corruption. All the same, if the Governor has got the facts to back his charges, they are important, and he does right to bring them out.



THE victory of the Poles is highly encouraging. A headline read the other day, "Bolsheviki Capture Wlodawa on the Bug." The name Bug sounded ominous, encouraging the anxious thought that the horrible Bolshevik Bug was making its way like any bad insect, in on

Western Europe. But somehow the Poles have managed to head the Bug off. They have got back not only Wlodawa on the Bug, but Brest-Litovsk on the same river. Warsaw, which was in such danger, is safe, and at this writing every newspaper brings new details of the ruin of Red armies and the annihilation of the Bolshevist invaders.

Of course, Russia can produce more armies, but whether Lenine and Trotzky can raise and arm them is another matter. If the Poles are not too fresh, and are not inspired by victory to new invasions, consequences of the highest value may work out to their success. Our President has warned them against the intoxication of conquest, and their own experience should be useful to them to the same effect.



A S the Tennessee legislature seems to have accepted the Suffrage Amendment, we are told that every woman citizen of proper age in the United States will have a vote this fall. Senator Harding says, "All along I have wished for the completion of the ratification, and have said so." Governor Cox let out a more penetrating whoop than that. He said, "The civilization of the world is saved. The mothers of America will stay the hand of war and repudiate those who trifle with the great principle." That is the way for a politician to talk to new voters.

It always seemed to Life that Suffrage was a state issue, and should be settled by the states, and not by amendment to the Constitution. That sentiment was due to respect for the Constitution as the guardian of American liberties. When the State of New York went for Suffrage,



IT'S WONDERFUL WHAT THEY'LL DO FOR THE LADY

LIFE ceased to oppose it. It lived in New York, and accepted that verdict. Now, other things being equal, it would prefer that woman suffrage should be universal in the United States and should be tried out everywhere. It had virtually won before the Tennessee legislature voted, and this present time, when changes are epidemic in the world, is a good time to try it out and see what virtue there is in it.

It would have been better if universal woman-suffrage in the United States had come by action of the states and not by constitutional amendment, but the Constitution, as the palladium of our liberties, has been a good deal disfigured in these days, anyhow, and another black eye won't do it any particular harm. It can delay great movements, but it cannot block them. It will no more avail in the end to keep the United States out of the League of Nations through exercise of the constitutional powers of a minority of the Senate, than it has availed to withhold the vote from the Negro women in the South. It is a sort of King Canute's broom; a good broom enough, but of no avail against a rising tide. Every such amendment as the last two, making it an instrument to control the domestic concerns of states against the judgment of their own citizens, helps to make it at worst an instrument of tyranny, and at best a mere depository of Federal legislation. So doing, it weakens it.

We of the United States have long had the habit of making too many statutory laws. Now we are getting a habit of amending the Constitution, and though it is bad in a way for the Constitution, it may be good for us.



THE papers reported that Mrs. Nathan came back from the International Suffrage Convention in Geneva by way of Lady Nancy Astor's house in England, where she paid a visit. She brought home a story that Lady Nancy was for having women in Embassies—would have an English woman at the British Embassy in Washington and an American woman at the American Embassy in London.

There is undoubtedly a field for women in embassies. Ambassadors have usually been male and female, just like carpenters or physicians, and the males attended to the male end of the job, and the females to the female end. In some cases the opinion has been quite pronounced that the lady ambassador did the most important part of the business. Once when Mr. Choate was Ambassador at London, the ladies of his family being away on a protracted visit, he wrote (in a private letter) that he ought to have a lady-attaché to receive and attend to the ladies who came to the Embassy, and whom it was proper for him to entertain.

In a way, therefore, there seems to be sense enough in Lady Astor's suggestion; only, heretofore the women in embassies have served without pay and without official standing. Whether salaries and official recognition would increase their efficiency without impairing the reasonable security and comfort of ambassadors or endangering peace, is matter for consideration, but women nowadays abound in all offices, and the office bosses seem to get along with them.



Satisfactory Result of a Correspondence Course in I



Course in Personality and Charm Development





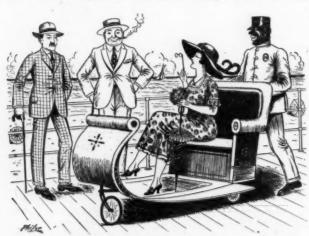
Good News



'HE BAT" is the only mystery play in town, so far, but it carries the load for four or five. It has got everything in it except the theft of a pearl necklace. Two murders, assault and battery, a bank robbery, arson, May Vokes, in fact, all the crimes on the calendar.

Everything is cleared up in the end, except the reason for May Vokes and the "comedy relief," and no amount of explaining on the part of the authors (Mary Roberts Rinehart and Avery Hopwood) can ever make it seem plausible that just at the moment when you are all nerved up at the sight of a bloody hand coming through a broken window, or at the sound of thumpings in a dark attic, you are going to be "relived" at having a servant named Lissie come in, walking dingtoed, like a precocious little girl trying to be funny before company. The audience laughs, it is true. But it laughs because if it didn't laugh it would scream and bite at the plush on the seats in front. When you have just seen a gleaming eye go sailing up the stairway in a dark hallway, and have heard groanings from some distant room in the house over the housetelephone, you would laugh at anything that might come in, provided it was alive and human.

But even the comedy cannot spoil "The Bat." Nothing could spoil it, short of sitting down afterward and trying to figure out what had happened. And no one has got the time, or the



"I WONDER WHO'S THAT LADY WHO SEEMS TO WANT TO SNUB US SO OPENLY."

nerves, left to do that. All you know is that from eight-thirty to eleven you are leaping about in your seat in a state bordering on epilepsy, pressing moist palms on the sleeves of the people on either side of you, reassuring yourself with little nervous laughs that this is only the theatre, and then collapsing into the aisle at the end of each act. Fortunately, you are not at all conspicuous, as the aisle is full of similar casualties.

There is a note on the program requesting those who have seen the play not to divulge what it is all about to others who have not seen it. Never was a more unnecessary warning. No one knows what it is about, even those who have seen it. Anyone trying to explain it would be led gently away to a private room.

"The Bat" is full of hokum, tricks and much unnecessary lying. It has much too much material in it, and could end very easily at almost any point half an hour before it does. It probably wouldn't stand analysis, and certainly wouldn't stand a serious criticism. But it certainly is a grand show!



So is "Tickle Me," which is the vehicle for that most noble actor on the American stage, Mr. Frank Tinney. There is a slight feeling of disappointment at seeing in white face the classic features which have for so long been, with those of Othello the Moor of Venice, representative of Africa's great contribution to the drama. This regret is but momentary, however. Under the spell of Mr. Tinney's powerful acting, all distinctions of color are banished and there is no longer any black or white, only the round, expectant face and the anticipatory smile, the juvenile eagerness that everything shall go off all right and the indomitable resiliency which, after staggering rebuffs, brings its owner cheerfully back for another, and yet another, trial.

The music in "Tickle Me" is much the easiest to remember of anything played so far this season. The cast is a pleasing one, especially Mr. Allen Kearns. The chorus girls sing well and, what is more, deliver amusing lines in a very amusing manner. I guess that they are good-looking, too, although I didn't pay much attention to that.

Mr. Tinney remarked that he had never dared to have more than three children, because statistics show that every fourth child is a Chinaman. Frankly, after that I don't remember much that happened, except that an usher was bathing my head and asking me if I knew my name.



UNDER the handicap of a title like "Happy-Go-Lucky," the recent London success, "Tilly of Bloomsbury," comes to New York. At present writing it looks as if the handicap would be easily overcome.

Mr. Ian Hay, the author, also wrote the popular war book, "The First Hundred Thousand." As a play, "Happy-Go-Lucky" might go under a similar name, being an exact replica of at least one hundred thousand comedies which have preceded it.

But as an entertainment it is distinctive. It is very broad

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[&]quot;OH, DON'T MIND HER. THAT'S ONLY MY WIFE DOING A LITTLE PRACTICE WORK—SHE'S JUST GONE IN FOR SOCIETY."

horse-play, and you know exactly just what is going to be said at each succeeding moment, but you are not prepared to have it said quite so well.

Mr. O. P. Heggie has given up trying to look Italian and cruel, and is now one of Dickens' own children in his characterization of Samuel Stillbottle, the bailiff's man. This is what is known as a "fat part," and Mr. Heggie fills it as

if it were made for him. In addition to which, he gives a little something of his own which makes you want to cry just a little, even when he is at his funniest.

The rest of the cast is excellent, and is indispensable to the success of the piece, which spoils any chance there might have been of referring to the play as "Heggie-Go-Lucky." Perhaps it is just as well.

Robert C. Benchley.



Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily news-papers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

Belmont .- " Little Miss Charity." Notice

-" The Charm School." Light comedy in a girls' school, and you know what that means.

Booth.-" Happy-Go-Lucky." Reviewed in

Broadhurst .- " Come Seven." White actors blacked up in Negro comedy based on Octavus Roy Cohen's stories. Unconvincing but funny.

Central .- " Poor Little Ritz Girl." Musical comedy with a plot. Who are we to say that it is terrible? No one else thinks so,

Century Roof.—"The Century Revue" at and "The Midnight Rounders" at 11:30. Dinner on the Promenade. Bring your extra money.

George M. Cohan .- "Silks and Satins." A vaudeville show, with several good acts, all dressed up like a revue.

Cort.-" Abraham Lincoln." Already a classic in the American theatre.

Eltinge.—"Ladies' Night." Mixed doubles in a Turkish bath. Just as crass as it

Empire. - " Call the Doctor."

Forty-eighth Street.—" Opportunity." The perils of Wall Street, including a vampire.
Fulton.—" Scrambled Wives." An ordinary farce extraordinarily well done by Roland Young.

Gaiety.—" Lightnin'." Frank Bacon in a comedy characterization which has broken all records.

Garrick .- " Enter Madame." Gilda Varesi in a real comedy with real actors.

Globe .- " The Scandals of 1920." A fair show doing big business. Figure it out for yourself. Maybe it's Ann Pennington.

Greenwich Village. — "Greenwich Village Follies." Notice later. Notice later.

Henry Miller .- " The Famous M.s. Fair." Blanche Bates and Henry Miller in a satire which has had no trouble in seeing the old season out and the new one in.

Hippodrome. — "Good Times." A great deal of entertainment at box-office prices.

Hudson .--" Crooked Gamblers. All the thrills of stock gambling, minus the morning after.

Knickerbocker .- "The Sweetheart Shop." Notice later.

Liberty.—"The Night Beat." You know the music. You know Jack Hazzard and Ada Lewis.

Little-" Foot-Loose." Emily Stevens in an interesting performance, made over from the erstwhile thriller, "Forget-Me-Not," putting to shame many a modern one.

Longacre.-" The Cave Girl." Society marooned in the Maine woods, with the usual complications.

Lyceum.-" The Gold Diggers." Ina Claire in an exceedingly successful comedy dealing with chorus-girl life.

Lyric. - " Broadway Brevities." Notice

Maxine Elliott's.—" Spanish Love." A colorful exhibition of primitive emotions, garnished with very hot tamales and accompanied by castanets.

Morosco.—" The Bat." Reviewed in this

issue.

New Amsterdam,-" The Follies of 1920." Occasionally very funny, thanks to Fanny Brice and W. C. Fields, and always excellent for the eyes.

Park.-" Poldekin." Notice later.

Playhouse.—" Seeing Things." A rough and tumble farce, more tumble than rough, involving spiritualism and allied arts.

Princess .- " Blue Bonnet." Notice 1.ter. Republic. — "The Lady of the Lamp." Oriental spectacle showing the delightful effects of opium-smoking.

Shubert .- " Paddy the Next Best Thing." Notice later.

Selwyn.—"Tickle Me." Frank Tinney, tuneful music, an intelligent and comely chorus, and Frank Tinney. What more do you want?

Street. - " The Checker-Thirty-ninth José Ruben's acting in a brass comedy setting.

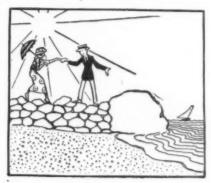
Vanderbilt.—" Irene." Still continues to lead the musical comedies, and for a very good reason.

Winter Garden.—" Cinderella on Broadway." You may smoke there, anyway.

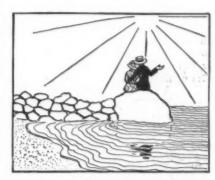


A Tide-Table

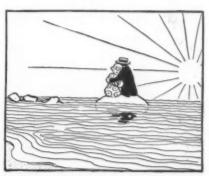
A Warning to Lingering Lovers



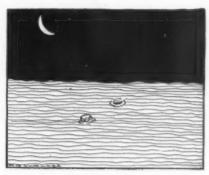
LOW TIDE. 3:30 P. M.



4:30 P. M.



6:30 P. M.



HIGH TIDE. 9:30 P. M.

In the Political Zoo

1. The Hardingus Marionetticus

ADIES AND GENTLEMEN! Over here on your right, behind the handsome G. O. P. ivory bars of this elegant cage decorated with the goats of defeated Republican presidential candidates, you will find the Hardingus Marionetticus. A handsome creature, ladies and gentlemen, and one of the most amiable known. He feeds upon old galley proofs, emitting the while soft cooing noises, which mean nothing in particular, and, upon being led to water, utters a soft, conciliatory laugh. In the hands of his friends he is ever so docile, responding heartily to their slightest suggestion. Which delightful trait causes him to be highly valuable.

His habitat is Ohio—preferably a front porch. He makes an excellent pet, and is a splendid subject for photographers, autograph albums and campaign buttons.

2. The Coxicus Leagibus

Over here we have the Coxicus Leagibus. Almost as well favored as the Hardingus, this interesting specimen is full of fire. League! Coxie, league! Did you notice, ladies and gentlemen, how, when I mentioned the word "league," his ears pricked up and his eyes glistened? He is rabid on the subject, and at the mere sound of the word can hardly be restrained. Down, sir, down! He feeds upon sycophants and senators,



Mistress (giving an old dress to her maid): You'd Better CLEAN IT AND IMPROVE IT A LITTLE BEFORE YOU WEAR IT.

Maid: WHY, CERTAINLY, MA'AM; OTHERWISE PEOPLE WOULD THINK I WAS YOU.



SI SQUIRREL, WHO HAS HAD MORE THAN HIS SHARE OF VISITORS
FROM THE CITY, DECIDES TO GIVE HIS COUNTRY PLACE A NAME

and is permitted, if good, to sleep beside the fireplace of a certain white mansion in Washington, D. C. His cry has a foreign sound, increasing in volume as he feels the sympathetic response. He was also discovered in Ohio, the stamping ground of so many of our interesting North American fossils.

No, no, little girl. . . . Come away from Coxie's platform; it doesn't hold him up any too well, and is likely to crash any moment.

3. The Rou-cou-coolidge (Vermont)

Preening his feathers of iridescent lustre in that cage over there, is the Rou-cou-coolidge (Vermont). As the brave little Dak-Dak sits upon the unique horn of the wild rhinoceros to warn him of incipient danger, so does the Rou-cou-coolidge (Vermont) wait upon the Hardingus Marionetticus in times of peril. A strange complement, ladies and gentlemen. This creature is delightfully domestic, and may be made—for political purposes—to beat rugs, turn ice-cream freezers, mow lawns and kiss the little ones of total strangers. His present habitat is New England and the front pages of all the small-town newspapers thereof. His cry is substantial, half Bostonese and all American and well worth listening to. Like the other specimens, he is not averse to being photographed.

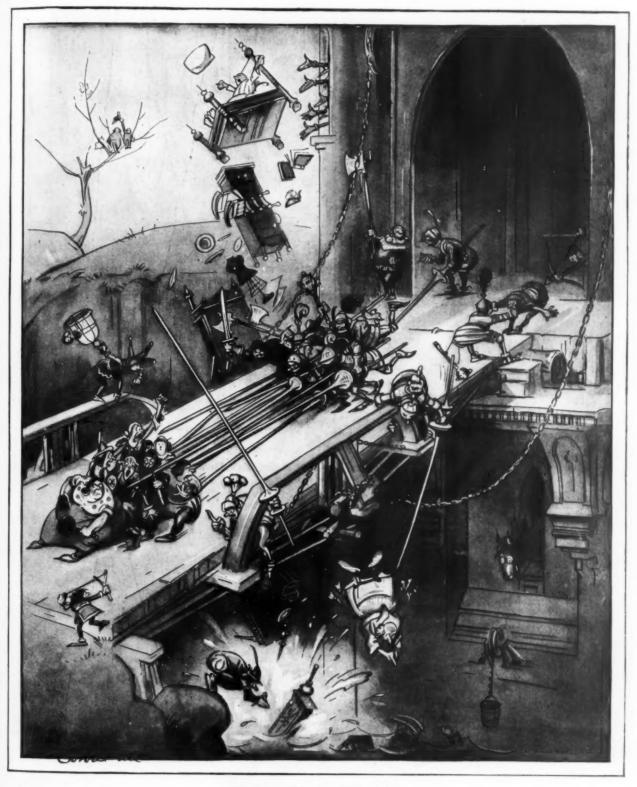
That's all right, madam. Let your little girl feed the Rou-cou-coolidge (Vermont) a doughnut. He is very fond of them.

4. The Rooseveltiosus Democritus

Cousin to the Rooseveltiosus Bigstikkicus, the Rooseveltiosus Democritus stands for peace, prosperity and progress. See how intelligently he nods his head. He is very human, ladies and gentlemen, and his cry is anthropoid in articulation. In fact, some go so far to say the tit resembles the English words, "It shall not occur again; it shall not occur again." "It" refers to war. The Rooseveltiosus Democritus wishes to be known as hostile to war. See, he nods his head again. That's right, Roosey, we don't like war, either.

A virile creature, ladies and gentlemen; full of promise. That, however, is a characteristic of every animal within our political zoo. They are all full of—er—promise. Don't jump too heartily on your perch, Roosey; it is rather wabbly.

Henry William Hanemann.



IN YE GOODE OLDE DAYS
EVICTING YE TENANTS

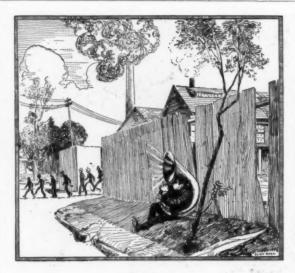
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In ls,



LOCAL GOSSIP

Seth Bowcher has been a-playin' the big horn in the brass band, but last Tuesday he like to killed the hull outfit. They wuz a-marchin' down Main Street, headin' over to the Fair Grounds, and a-playin' "Marchin' Through Georgia" full blast, and jest as they gut to the railroad crossin' they gut to the chorus. The engineer whistled, but Seth wuz a-making so much noise they paraded right over. Missed the last drummer by a couple o' feet.

That wa'n't the worst, though. Seth took his instrument down by the foundry to practice the next day, an' he was a-tootin' pretty good when he come to his favorite note, and he ketched a good breath and let her have it, and I vum if the hands didn't think it was the noon whistle, and they all knocked off work.

Ballad of Content

OH, I'm a reg'lar sojer and the bands don't play fer me. I ain't been any hero, and I ain't been over sea. I've just been in a barrack with a jolly pluggin' lot, Keepin' cases fer the fella's that went over to be shot. But-Uncle Sammy-he knows! And you can bet yer I knows! And if nobody else knows-why, wot in the 'ell care we?

Oh, I was bossin' sprucers when my buddies went to France. I had been ten year a sojer, but I didn't get a chance. They shipped me to the west coast in a barrack by the sea, And they left me doin' duty like a blasted lumberjee. But-Uncle Sammy-he knows! And you can bet yer I knows! And if nobody else knows-why, wot in the 'ell care we?

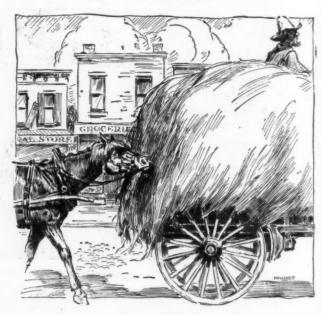
And when the boys come home, the girls all met 'em on the bay, Fer we was doin' service in a unromantic way, And we never heard a whisper of our "steady, faithful grind." But you didn't hear us grumble-and I guess we didn't mind. Fer-Uncle Sammy-he knows! And you can bet yer I knows! And if nobody else knows-why, wot in the 'ell care we?

So-I'm still in the service, and I has a vague idee That I'm here to do a lengthy hitch. It's good enough fer me. I wears my khaki with a pride-I keeps my leggins bright-And I stands retreat a very happy hombre every night. Fer-Uncle Sammy-he knows! And you can bet yer I knows! And if nobody else knows-why, wot in the 'ell care we? Joseph Andrew Galahad.

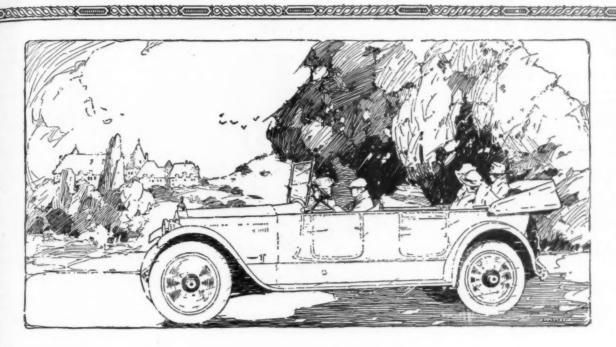


Ex-Army Officer: GOSH, JANE, WHAT A GREAT DRILL-SERGEANT YOU'D HAVE MADE!

THOUGHT for our paternalistic government: Why not take measures to distribute food to the husbands of all those women who will vote on the coming Election Day?



THE HORSE THIEF



How Many Buyers Can Judge Value?

EARLY every man has his visions of finding the ideal motor car. He anticipates the true mastery of the roads at last, and the prestige of being right at every point of his motoring.

For the man who wants the Packard qualities in his motoring, only the Packard Car will do. While if his taste and sense of values are not up to the Packard, some other car will do.

The Packard Twin-Six really is as true and fine as anyone ever assumed any car to be.

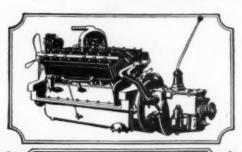
It occupies, alone and sufficient, the place it has made for itself. It stands aloof equally from the car that obviously can be no better than it looks, and from the car that strives to look better than it is.

The dominant place of the Packard is not a thing of chance. For twenty-one years the Packard has been delivering intrinsic value—the soundest value a motor car has ever given.

During the War, inspecting officers spoke of the Packard plant as a manufacturing marvel. The only automobile plant in the world to produce high-grade cars on a quantity basis.

Why this tremendous plant investment? Simply to produce a car of Packard grade at a price within reason. If built by piecemeal methods the Packard would be the highest priced car in the world.

PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY , DETROIT



Performance: The Twin-Six Engine— More reserve power at all car speeds than any other stock car engine built.



The Word of Promise

A certain Minister of State, rather well known throughout this world for shiftiness, has pledged himself definitely to a certain course of action, and some honorable members were discussing the probability of his keeping his word. One with a pretty wit said: "I think he will, although he said he would,"-London Post.

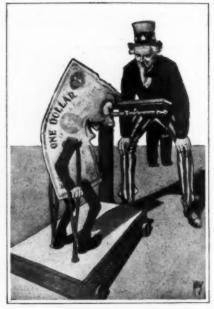
Averaging Up

"Europe is not at all the same," said one

"Not at all," echoed the other. "For years Europe was on the verge of war. Now she keeps lingering on the verge of peace."-Washington Star.

"WHERE do you live in the city-close in?"

"Fairly so-thirty minutes on foot, fifteen by motor car, twenty-five by street car and forty-five by telephone."-Kansas City Star.



HARDLY NOTICEABLE

Uncle Sam: WELL, WELL, I DO BELIEVE YOU'RE GAINING A LITTLE WEIGHT

The Lie Direct

It seems that in the commercial travelers' profession there is an understanding, a firmly established as an unwritten law and certainly more so than a written one, that a salesman never tells a competitor the name of the next town he is to "make." If one asks another where he goes from here, the other names a town where he is pretty likely not to be going. Two good friends of "the road" met up in a town along the Ohio. "Where are you going?"

"Oh, to Indianapolis," grinned the other, "You liar," returned the first, "you know damned well you're going to Indianapolis.

Going the Pace

"What kind of a time is he having on his motor trip?

"Guess he's having a pretty lively time. He sent me a picture postcard of a hospital."

-Louisville Courier-Journal.

WHAT a splendid history of Ireland would be told by the titles of the bills put forward for the pacification of its people!

-Sun and New York Herald.

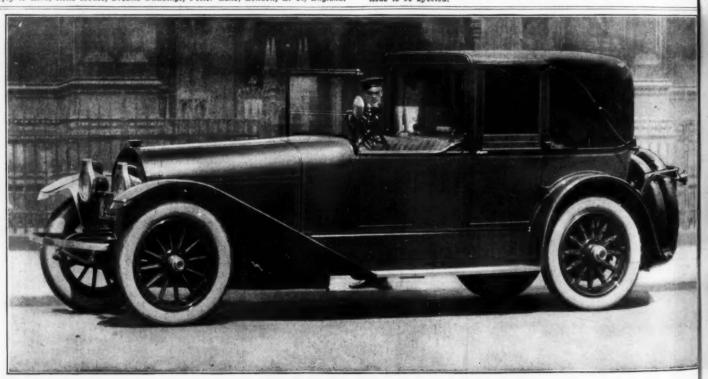
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CUSTOM BUILT LOCOMOBILE CABRIOLET

Transcending power and gracefulness and pride of pedigree

HARE'S MOTORS, INC., NEW YORK CITY · We Shall Keep Faith ·



THE FRANKLIN

20 miles to the gallon of gasoline 12,500 miles to the set of tires 50% slower yearly depreciation (National Averages)

MOTOR CAR performance above the average is something that most owners are willing to pay for. With the Franklin you not only get such performance, but get it at less cost.

Greater comfort, easier control, fewer annoyances and delays, even in covering greater distances in a day—all this is yours with a Franklin. And yet your gasoline, tire and repair bills are practically *halved*.

Nothing indicates more clearly what motorists think of this combined road-ability and economy than this fact:

1920 will increase the total number of Franklin owners to over 65,000—an increase of more than 22% during the year.

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, SYRACUSE, N. Y.



Ex-Ambassador Walter Hines Page was formerly one of the editors of World's Work and, like all editors, was obliged to refuse a great many stories. A lady once wrote him:

"Sir: You sent back last week a story of mine. I know that you did not read the story. For as a test I had pasted together pages 18, 19 and 20, and the story came back with these pages still pasted; and so I know you are a fraud and turn down stories without reading same."

Mr. Page wrote back:

"Madam: At breakfast when I open an egg I don't have to eat the whole egg to discover it is bad."-Writer's Monthly.

WHAT the country needs is not a phonographic record to preserve a candidate's voice, but something to preserve what's left of the voice of the people.

-Paducah (Ky.) News-Democrat.



Speaking of dropping a hint, there's a hint in every drop!

"Obey that impulse!"

Buy a * "Scotch Mist"!

Then if it rains who cares!

A gentleman's overcoat of handsome Scotch cheviot.

Rainproof!

All wool, of course. All our clothes are.

*Registered Trademark.

Mail orders filled.

ROGERS PEET COMPANY

Broadway at 13th St.

"Four Convenient Corners'

Broadway at Warren

NEW YORK CITY

Broadway at 34th St.

Fifth Ave. at 41st St.

EGYPTIAN The Utmost in Cigarettes Plain End or Cork Tib

People of culture and refinement invariably PREFER Deities to any other cigarette.

Margines Makers of the Highest Grade Turkish and Egyphan Ogarelles in the World



Dispossessed

At a ball game between a South Carolina negro team and a visiting team of similar color a negro preacher was acting as umpire. The pitcher had gone rather wild, and had permitted all the bases to fill. Another man came to the bat, and the nervous pitcher shot one over.

"Ball one," yelled the ump. The pitcher tried again.

"Ball two," was the decision.

Another effort by the hurler.

"Ball three," said the umpire.

The pitcher saw his predicament, and made one master effort to save the day.

"Ball four," yelled the ump, "and the man's out."

"How come, I'se out?" inquired the enraged batter.

'I'se repelled to put you out, nigger. Don't you see dar's nowhere else to put you?" reasoned the umpire.

-Columbia (S. C.) State.

Otherwise All Right

A prominent clubwoman says that woman's besetting sins are envy, laziness, gluttony, jealousy and revenge. Outside of that she is, we presume, the angel we have always liked to picture her.

-Boston Transcript.

Unfair Competition

" How's business?"

" Not too good-thanks to some dishonest rascals who are selling goods at reasonable prices."-Le Journal Amusant (Paris).

Some of us are beginning to love Vice for the enemies it has made.

-New York Evening Sun.

The New South's Young City of Destiny," Never heard of it? Well, the payroll of Bogalusa's Industries is \$250,000 monthly. Write the Mayor.

No Soap Better -For Your Skin-

Sample each (Soap, Ointment, Talcum) free of gra Laboratories, Dept. 7, Malden, Mass.



HOTEL PENNSYLVANIA

Opposite Pennsylvania Terminal New York

"—and a Good Disposition"

The thing that keeps the hotel man watching out for his p's and q's is human nature.

Equipment—however elaborate or well thought out—and machinery and luxurious furnishings and ingenious comfort-devices are all appreciated by travelers; but they're all forgotten when some human part of the machinery—some employee, and usually some way-down subordinate—makes the wrong sort of human contact with one of our guests.

That, of course, is the big reason why two hotels may be practically alike in size and equipment, and yet as different in character and "disposition", if the word is permissible, as two people of the same weight and height can be. Hotels are a lot like people in "disposition", when you come to think of it.

We think a great deal of the perfection of our equipment. Take the Pennsylvania's telephone system, for instance—with its 3340 phones, 200 telautographs, a staff of a hundred and ten people, and the largest private-exchange switchboard you'll find anywhere. Every part of the telephone service which we can control within the hotel is set up as perfectly as the best brains of the telephone business could make it; and the money it cost is shocking to think of. Yet, if the voice that comes to the guest over his wire isn't tuned just right, or if the brain behind the voice is slow or stupid or indifferent, the whole elaborate equipment is, for that transaction, inferior or "rotten."

That's the human-nature side of it.

But this is what I'm getting at: you can depend upon it that when we put that sort of almost-perfect machinery into our hotels, we aren't going to be lax about the kind of human beings we turn it over to. You can be sure that in any Statler-operated hotel the management is doing its best all the time to see that the human element is kept as carefully up to par as the equipment. We want every guest to be "handled" like the intelligent, reasoning, fairminded being he is (and practically all our guests are all those things); and if you, patronizing any of our hotels, ever fail to get the sort of treatment we want you to have, the manager of that hotel wants to know it-and he'll do something about it, too.

By the way, I've often asked business men (I especially enjoy asking salesmen) how they'd like it if they had to do ninety percent of their business with men who have just finished a night's ride in a Pullman, or who are hungry, or both at once. That's how the hotel man gets to know something about human nature,

Emplasen



Hotel Pennsylvania, with its 2200 rooms, 2200 baths, is the largest hotel in the world—built and operated for discriminating travelers who want the best there is.

Associated with it are the four Hotels Statler in Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit and St. Louis; and each of these five hotels makes reservations for all the others. All have private

baths, circulating icewater and other unusual conveniences in every room. An entire block of ground in Buffalo has just been purchased, for a new Hotel Statler.



Are you dead sure of your brakes at a time like this?

N the long grade down—when you have to stop short in the middle of a hill—Will your brakes hold? If they do hold, will they burn out?

Who hasn't felt the uncertainty?

It's only in moments like these that you fully realize the importance of brakes that never fail.

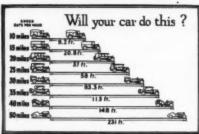
Don't wait for an emergency to show whether or not your brakes are working right. The chart at the right shows how quickly you should be able to stop. Have your brakes inspected regularly by your garage man.

A brake lining with 40% more material

To insure efficient brake action always, a brake lining has been perfected which wears down slowly and maintains its gripping power even when worn as thin as cardboard.

In each square inch of Thermoid Hydraulic Compressed Brake Lining there is 40% more material than in ordinary lining. Thermoid is also Grapnalized—an exclusive process which enables it to resist moisture, oil and gasoline.

Brakes lined with Thermoid do not grab, slip or swell from dampness. Because of its wearing qualities and unfailing efficiency, the manufacturers of 50 of the leading cars and trucks are consistent purchasers of Thermoid.



Copyrighted 1919 by Thermoid Rubber Company

This chart has been worked out by leading automobile engineers. It shows how quickly an automobile going at various speeds should be able to stop, provided the brakes are efficient.

Don't take any more chances with faulty brakes. Have your brakes inspected regularly. And next time you need new brake lining, be sure to specify Thermoid.

The new seventy-page Thermold book on automobile brakes and braking is the most complete publication on the subject ever printed. This book tells how to keep your car witnin safety limits. Sent free. Write to-day.

Thermoid Rubber Company

Factory and Main Offices, Trenton, New Jersey

New York Chicago Cleveland Detroit Boston London

San Francisco Atlanta Philadelphia Pittsburgh Paris Turin

Canadian Distributors: The Canadian Fairbanks-Morse Company, Limited, Montreal

Limited, Montreal
Branches in all principal Canadian Cities

Thermoid Brake Lining Hydraulic Compressed

Makers of "Thermoid-Hardy Universal Joints" and "Thermoid Crolide Compound Tires"

It Is Not

SUPPOSE somebody had told you ten years ago that some day you would humiliate yourself, scheme, coax, threaten, cajole, worry, and lose sleep over coal. You would have laughed at him, wouldn't you?

And suppose somebody had told your wife, when she was buying twenty-one pounds of sugar for one dollar, that some day she would skimp, contrive and plan to make a pound last after paying thirty

cents for it. She would have laughed, too, wouldn't she?

So is it any wonder that people laugh now when they are told that some day in the future they will be able to buy these things without humiliation or difficulty and at a fair price?

Query

Is it not well to have enough vices to keep us from being a menace to society?

Ballade of Returning Pleasure Seekers

BACK from beaches by curving bays
Where spindrift tosses its snowy hue,
We have come for the autumn days.
Ah, but the glint of the Avenue!
How it seems to shimmer anew
With trappings, as never it shone before!
Seeking still for the pleasure-clue,
We have turned to the town once more.

Back from hills and the mountain ways

Where steep trails climb to the sky's

deep blue.

(Hung with its veil of golden haze,
Ah, but the glint of the Avenue!)
Back from joys that were not a few—
The summer moon with its dreamy lore,
And mornings fresh with the fall of
dew,

We have turned to the town once more.

Back to the opera, back to the plays
That soon will be on the boards in view;
Back to Fashion and all its maze.

(Ah, but the glint of the Avenue!)
Back to worry, and back to woo—
Belles and bachelors many a score—
Back to join in Life's gay fron-fron,
We have turned to the town once more.

Envoy

Back to one who is fond and true.

(Ah, but the glint of the Avenue!)

Back to you whom I so adore,

I have turned to the town once more!

Clinton Scollard.

THE OPTIMIST: Beautiful country round here, isn't it?
THE PESSIMIST: Well, I'm not responsible for it.





BELL-ANS

You'll Get the Best Horseshoeing



if your shoer uses "Capewell" nails. The driving and holding qualities make her superior to all other brands. It is imported to you to have nails used which will go it your horses hoofs without splitting or crimpies and will hold under the severest strains.

The Capewell Horse Nail Co., Hartford, Cont



ore!

re.

A Little Later

He:

I'M very sure of her; It is myself I doubt. I don't mean to infer

That I'm a gadabout.

I love her very much; But when another maid Appears she seems to touch My heart, and I'm afraid.

Some day it may occur When I'm not looking out.

I'm very sure of her; It is myself I doubt.

She:

I know that he is true; The one I doubt is I. What is a girl to do

When others make her sigh?

What if another man

My dreaming heart should wake?

I don't believe I can

Have made a great mistake.

Is youth an avenue

And love a passer-by?

I know that he is true; The one I doubt is I.

Marc Connelly.

Ask her with the adorable complexion what magic charms away the tell-tales of time and leaves her fair face so free from blem-

ish. She will tell you-Lablache—a word you so often hear among discerning women.

Refuse Substitutes hey may be dangerous. Fleite, Pink or Cream, 75c. a be ruggists or by mail. Over the ion boxes sold annually. Se for a sample box.

BEN. LEVY CO. Freuch Perfumers, Dept. 104-125 Kingston St., Boston, Mass.





DO SUN-PROOF COMPLEXIONS JUST HAPPEN NATURALLY?



Othere, Marian! Whither away at this late hour?"
"'Lo there yourself Richard!" called the slender girl, who had just come out on the practically deserted veranda.

"Is our Marian going out again? Bathing and tennis all morning, golf and sailing all afternoon, and now riding — How do you do it? Look at me, sunburned to torture after one little game of golf. Haven't you got some soothing secret?"

"Of course I have, Dickey—My Heaven, if it weren't for Hinds Honey and Almond Cream I'd be a complete wreck myself—just rub some on the sunburn. Use it before you go out the next time and you'll never know the sun is shining. It isn't a beauty lotion, you know—so you needn't be afraid of losing your foolish masculine dignity—it simply restores the natural, moist, soft condition of the skin that the sun takes out. I use it by the quart, almost."

"H-m-m-Sounds alright. Got some on now?"

"Of course - lots of it. I never think of going out without it."

"Well—I'm going to get Sis to raid your dressing table, at's certain. The next time you see me I shall be steeped that's certain. The next time in comfort and Hinds Cream-

Delightful coolness is the first sensation when applying Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. Then follows a wonderful heal-ing and softening process—a re-markable refining of the skin's texture and a whitening of its

May we send you "A Week End Package?" Hinds Honey and Almond Cream, both Cold and Disappearing Cream, Talcum, Face Powder and Trial Cake Soap. Enclose 50c, not foreign stamps of foreign money, please. Samples of Cream 5c each.





BIFFKINS, IN WEARING OLD CLOTHES, BE-LIEVES IN CARRYING OUT THE ENSEMBLE

Coughs & Cold

COPY THIS SKETCH

The Landon School of Cartoning





Trial Tube Free To End Mistakes in Shaving



Hot towels-



Finger rubbing -



Too light a lather



Lather that dries-

Science has been turned to shaving. And a new method of softening the beard has been perfected.

This method is embodied in Palmolive Shaving Cream. It eliminates hot towels and finger rubbing. It makes shaving easier than you have ever known it. And quicker. And more delightful.

We wish men to know this from their own experience. Hence we offer free, a trial tube of Palmolive Cream to every man who requests it.

The oil coat on the beard

Every hair of the beard has an oil coat. The ordinary lather fails to act effectively on this oil. Thus it is hard for the water to penetrate the beard and soften it. Hence men use hot applications and rub with the fingers.

It is different with Palmolive. The lather instantly emulsifies the oil. Then the beard—a horny substance—quickly absorbs water. It absorbs 15 per cent of water within one minute after lathering, as proved by laboratory tests. And that makes a wiry beard wax-like.

Stays foamy 10 minutes

Palmolive makes a richer, creamier lather than you have ever known. And it stays moist and foamy on the face 10 minutes. You don't have to relather.

A mere bit is ample for a shave. For Palmolive multiplies itself in lather 250 times. There's enough for 152 shaves in the regular size. A cream so active, you know, is something new.

Palmolive is also a lotion. It contains palm and olive oils. Thus it soothes and refreshes the skin, and gives a delightful "after feel."

Try it free

Put Palmolive to the test. Satisfy yourself as to its amazing qualities. This you can do at our expense. We will send you a trial tube absolutely free.

Take advantage of this offer today. Clip the coupon now, before you forget. You will know shaving as a new thing after you have tried Palmolive.

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Large size tube at druggists, 35c THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY, Milwaukee, U. S. A.

You don't carry a



Vest Pocket Kodak; you wear it, like a watch.

Your larger camera you carry when you *plan* to take pictures. The Vest Pocket Kodak you have constantly with you to picture the unexpected and the unusual. It is small in size but lacks nothing in quality.

The price is \$9.49. Film for 8 exposures is 25 cents. Both prices include the war tax.

Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y., The Kodak City

To the Absent One

(Tune of "My Bonnie")

My secretary has gone to the mountains, My secretary has gon to thee beach. My secregary writes wundarful shorthand, Oh bryng hir back safely—the peach.

> Come back, come bak, Come back, wizz8d, genius, to me, to me,

> Cum back, come bak, Fr5m th(s Remingt3n fyiend set me free!

I try to type one symplee latter, I try and i tby, but in vjain, These darn kyes wjll jumbl and tumble, Gjeat Scott byt it sure is a strain.

Hrry byck, hurry back,

Hurry back and save me, I pray,
i dr(y!

Hyrry bock, hurry bak,
This sur iz a hyll pf a day.

I syt here and frantycally wunder, How could you in days n(w g2ne by Mnipulate thyse fjol keys so lyghtly, Without e(en the bat of an ey.

Hastn, oh hasten,
Hasten thy date of ryturn, return,
Hhastn, oh hastne,
Or i sur wyll be doom-ed tu byrne.

My bysiness is goine to th divel, My cusstomers fleeing away, I thynk, no not th8nk, but I know it, I insyst on a raize in your paye.

> Roiz8, runvd, oh rundnz, Rou7m, rorw(c, oh ty74nc, ty740m, R6/Z(, tumo¾¼s, Or i zmnq(mOzy, fynye O dammnn!

The Age of Miracles

Jeannette S. Crowell.

HUSBAND (discovering the hall full of packages): Heavens! You must have had a successful shopping day.

Wife: Yes, dear, and that isn't the best of it. I have actually got something that I am going to keep.

"Way Up in the Air"

A N aviator's wife was taking her first ride with him in an aeroplane.

"Stop!" she suddenly cried. "I believe I have dropped one of the pearl buttons off my coat. I can see it glistening on the ground."

"Keep your seat, my dear," replied her husband. "That'. Lake Michigan."

APPARENTLY it is only by advertising that the American public can learn anything. —New York Evening Post.



Established 1810

110 Years of Making Good Brushes
Replaced fereign brushes in the
U.S. in 1812, and became soon the
leading manufacturers of Brushes
in the United States. Later, and
now, the largest manufacturers of
Brushes in the world.

Excellent quality; infinite variety of all kinds of Brushes.

Send for Illustrated Literature In L. Whiting J. J. Adams Co., Boston, U.S.A. rush Manufacturers for Over 110 Years and the Largest in the World Iones the Juggler

ch,

гау,







HE FINDS IT POSSIBLE TO BE POLITE WHERE MOST MEN WOULD BE HANDICAPPED

"Strange it wasn't thought of before!" "It's so simple!"—

> CAPT. X'S BIG IDEAa cigarette made from the famous PALL MALL blend, round in shape with a free and easy draught. A cigarette that does not have to be tapped, squeezed or loosened.





"Over there" Capt. X was forced to smoke the "Canteen" cigarettes. He liked their round shape, their easy draught and suggested that we combine these features with the famous PALL MALL blend of 42 Turkish tobaccos. Read the story of Capt. X.

> 20 PALL MALL ROUNDS (plain ends) in the new 50° foil package ... 50°

"THEY ARE GOOD TASTE"

PALL MALL (regular) plain or cork in boxes of 10, 50, 100 as usual.

the

\$9.00

W.L. Douglas THE SHOE THAT HOLDS ITS SHAPE

\$7.00 \$8.00 \$9.00 & \$10.00 SH0ES
FOR MEN AND WOMEN

YOU CAN SAVE MONEY BY WEARING W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES



CAUTION.—Insist upon having W.L.Douglas shoes. The name and price is plainly stamped on the sole. Be careful to see that it has not been changed or mutilated.

he best known shoes in the world. They are sold in 107 W. L. Douglas stores, direct from the factory to you at only one profit, which guarantees to you the best shoes that can be produced, at the lowest possible cost. W. L. Douglas name and the retail price are stamped on the bottom of all shoes before they leave the factory, which is your protection against unreasonable profits.

W.L.Douglas \$9.00 and \$10.00 shoes are absolutely the best shoe values for the money in this country. They are made of the best and finest leathers that money can buy. They combine quality, style, workmanship and wearing qualities equal toother makes selling at higher prices. They are the leaders in the fashion centers of America. The stamped price is W.L. Douglas personal guarantee that the shoes are always worth the price paid for them. The prices are the same everywhere; they cost no more in San Francisco than they do in New York.

W. L. Douglas shoes are made by the highest paid, skilled shoemakers, under the direction and supervision of experienced men, all working with an honest determination to make the best shoes for the price that money can buy.

W. L. Douglas shoes are for sale by over 9000 shoe dealers besides our own stores. If your local dealer cannot supply you, take no other make. Order direct from factory. Send for booklet telling how to order shoes by mail, postage free.

W.L. Douglas Shoe Co., 147 Spark Street, Brockton, Mass.



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LOOPING THE LOOP

A WARNING TO PASSENGERS—THE PILOT IS LIKELY TO HAVE A CONFEDERATE BELOW

L ADY (at bank teller's window): I wish to open an account with you.

TELLER: All right, madam. How much do you want to deposit?

LADY: Why, nothing! I want to draw out fifty dollars.

That Guilty Feeling

"I've often been struck by the extreme hauteur of salesladies. Don't you suppose merchants suffer from it?"

"I know one who does. He tells me he feels like sneaking into the rear door of his establishment because he suspects that his personal appearance does not meet with the approval of his clerks."

-Birmingham Age-Herald.

"Do you think Gladys was surprised when I proposed to her?" inquired the happy youth,

"About as surprised," answered Miss Cayenne, "as a candidate who has received formal notification that he has been nominated."—Washington Star.



Echoes

(A Short History of the Great War) GRAND DUKES.

Assassinations.

Ultimatums.

Erbsenwurst.

Concentration camps.

Mazurian Lakes.

Russian steam rollers.

Wittel-Europa.

Przemysl.

Notes.

Tipperary.

American ambulance.

Bethlehem steel.

Votes.

Oscar II.

I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier.

Lusitania. Notes.

Too proud to fight.

Plattsburg.

The Deutschland.

Von Bernstorff.

June 5.

Over There.

Transports.

Periscopes.

Ash cans. Gas.

Château Thierry.

Hindenburg Line.

Come, little Joe.

Our barrage.

Hinky-dinky parleevoo.

Bum tobacco.

One with your number on it.

Battle of Paris.

The world by the tail.

A. W. O. L.

S. O. L.

November II.

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Hoboken.

Home. Mother.

When False Teeth Irritate-

ke the joy out of eating; drop when you agh, sing, talk or sneeze, consult your den-th But for instant relief try Dr. Wernet's owder. It holds the plate tight and dis-ea worry and discomfort. Wernet's Pow-er is mildly antiseptic, pleasant to taste,

sweetens the breath. Sold by drug and dept. stores. Wernet Dental Mfg. Co., 114 Beekman St., New York City.

30c, 60c and \$1.00

DR. WERNET'S **POWDER** For False Teeth



Dog Interviews

HUNTING DOG: No particular one of the great issues of LIFE interests me-all of them do!

LAP Dog: Oh, dear, of course LIFE is interesting to me! I never have a headache on Tuesday, no matter how late I'm out the night before or how dead-tired I may be. The great elixir of LIFE restores me to animation once more. Dear me, I wish it was a daily!

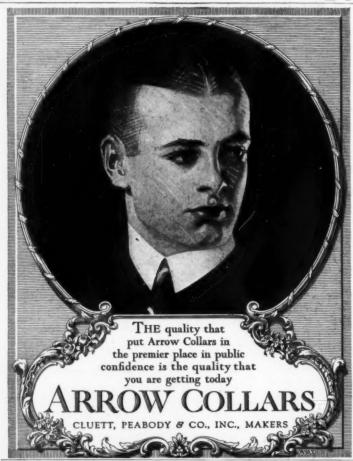
ESKIMO Dog: Yes, we have LIFE up

here. If there wasn't, things would be rather dead, wouldn't they?

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc., Philadelphia, U. S. A. Sole makers of Whitman's Instantaneous Chocolate, Cocoa and Marshmallow Whip

> TRAMP Dog: Th' biggest thing I know of is Life, as it gets better with each week's experience. It's the best pal I ever had.

> JUST A PLAIN DOG: LIFE? Why, of course I know it in all its phases. The great H. C. of L. question doesn't concern me in the least, for "while there's LIFE there's hope!"







COLLEGE DAYS

College days ahead! Mother and "the gov'nor," in the coming months, will be present only in dreams. Give the boys and girls farewell keepsakes of jewelry. They will conjure up for them visions of the old fireside and the loved ones at home. Their memorymagic is never failing. They are "Gifts That Last."

Authorized by National Jewelers Publicity Association

DIAMONDS . PEARLS . GEMS . JEWELRY . WATCHES . CLOCKS . SILVERWARE



CAMEL



Your first R-E-A-L cigarette pleasure will come with Camels

YOU'LL swing into the Camel procession as easily and as delightedly as any of the thousands of smokers who have found these cigarettes an absolute revelation in quality, in refreshing flavor, in mellow mildness and in body!

Camels are unlike any cigarette you ever puffed. They are a creation—an expert blend of choice Turkish and choice Domestic tobaccos. As sure as you are a foot high you will prefer Camels blend to either kind of tobacco smoked straight!

Camels fit in with your cigarette desires just one hundred per cent! The satisfaction they impart to smokers is simply joyous.

Camels will not tire your taste! And, Camels leave no unpleasant cigaretty aftertaste nor unpleasant cigaretty odor.

You'll prove out our enthusiasm when you compare Camels with any cigarette in the world at any price!

Camets are sold everywhere in scientifically sealed packages of 20 cigarettes for 20 cents; or ten packages (200 cigarettes) in a glassine-papercovered carton. We strongly recommend this carton for the home or office supply or when you travel.

CIGARETTES

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

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VARE

Milliams Holder Top Sliaving Stick

Willia Talc Pc

Holde Top Shavin

Williams' Shaving Soap also comes in the forms of cream, liquid and powder. Trial size of any of these for 6c in stamps, Send 10 cents for trial Re-Load Stick

The Re-Load has a firm threaded metal collar. You simply screw this into the holder-cap. Send 10c in stamps for sample, full size permanent holder-top, with reduced size soap. When the sample is used up, you need buy only the new Re-Load, saving the cost of a new holder-top.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO. Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn.

Look into it!

If you're one of the few men who don't know Williams' it will pay you to follow the example of this smile-wreathed face in the lather and look into it to-morrow morning.

You will find a rich, creamy lather of velvety softness that comes instantly, rises up as thick as you want it—and won't dry on your face! A lather that does its work easily and efficiently whether the water be hot or cold, hard or soft. And best of all, is the feeling after the shave of complete comfort—no unpleasant sensation of smarting or stinging.

The Re-Load for the holder-top stick is perhaps the most economical handy way of getting the famous Williams' lather.

B.R

THE J.B.WILLIAMS COMPANY MAKERS ALSO OF MATINEE VIOLETS, JERSEY CREAM AND OTHER TOILET SOAPS, TALC POW/DER, DENTAL CREAM ETC.